

Do You Fight for God, Or are you simply drifting along on the current of your circumstances?

THE

NOW

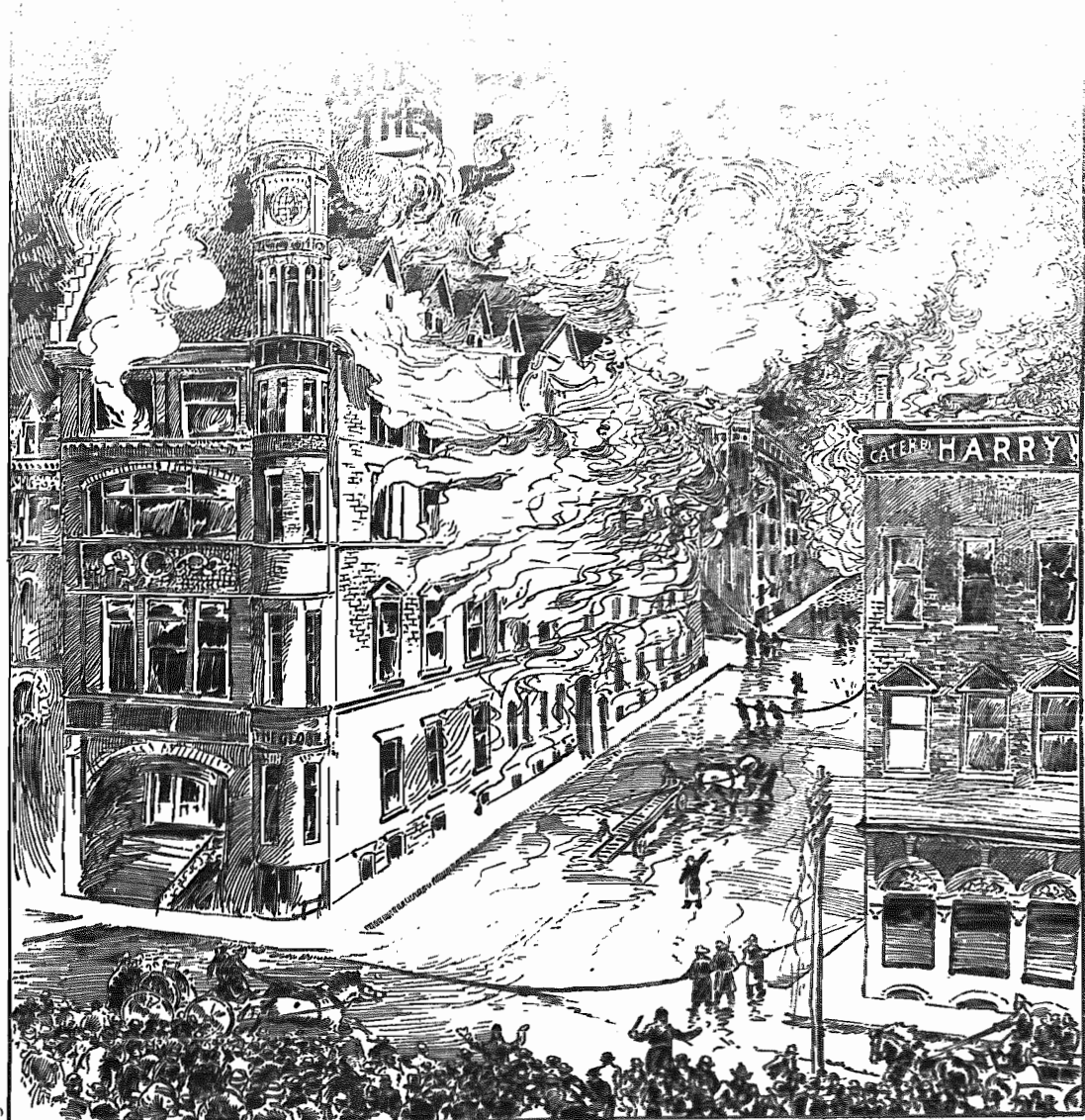
IS the accepted time to be saved; NOW is the accepted time to fight for Jesus; NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME TO SNATCH SOULS FROM THE FIRE. Brothers, "up and at it!"

WAR

CRY



VOL. XI. No. 17. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JAN. 26, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



Toronto Aflame! It was an unparalleled disaster. The Firemen—Toronto's Heroes—rushed to the rescue. Robert Bowery laid down his life for the city. WANTED: More of that heroism on Christ's battlefield.

HOT SHOT AND CANDIES.

FIRED BY ENSIGN FAITH.

Perspiration isn't inspiration.

Overcoming means effort.

Be devil-proof.

Prayer is the nurse of faith.

We have received a whole book of the Acts of the Apostles, but not a page of their resolutions.

Dig the trenches, clear out the stones, the fire will come.

Some people chill you, always lower the spiritual atmosphere they enter; don't let your courage ooze out your finger tips. Keep your heart up.

One might sometimes think that instead of fire being the symbol of Christianity it was ice.

Be in your outward public life what you feel in your innermost soul you ought to be.

The devil may build a thick wall around you, he can't build one over your head. So look up.

The condition of our blessedness is in character, not condition.

You cannot live on yesterday's inspiration.

Every morning brings its own dew, so every morning brings you a fresh blessing. Get it.

When reading the Word of God are you a butterfly or bee?

Silence is the proper atmosphere of the cross.

Power escapes with words.

Every promise of God is a cheque, but few have learnt to cash them yet.

The true education of the soul consists not in much thinking, but in much living.

The more prayer the more power.

Iron doors open when the Lord leads the way.

Great saints are simply great receivers.

Better limp with power like Jacob, than walk straight without it.

Your happiness consists not in where you are, but what you are.

We must fight the people, but our weapons must be truth and love.

When temptations press upon you, do you press upon God?

The very tone in which we speak should be a sanctified one.

I want not only to catch the Master's message, but the Master's tone.

The test of love is not feeling or speaking, but obeying.

Real religion in the first place must be hidden and secret.

All who have been strong for God have been strong in Him.

The man that God conquers can conquer earth and hell.

Don't eat mouldy bread, get daily fresh manna.

Every circumstance is a rough packing case, containing the gift of thy Father's precious love.

"Go straight for souls and go for the worst," says the General. (God bless him).

TORONTO ABLAME!

The City's Heroic Firemen.

THE PRESSING NEED OF THE HOUR.

"Two Acres of Smoking Ruins—A Great Fire in the Business Quarter of Toronto—The Globe Building Totally Destroyed—Fireman Robert Bowers Killed by Falling Walls—The Fire Spreads to Adjoining Structures—S. F. McKinnon's New Warehouse Completely Wrecked—Toronto Lithographing Company Lost Everything—Harry Webb's Building Gutted—Nicholas Rooney, the Brough Printing Company and Others, Large Losers—Many Firemen Injured—Fire Chief Ardagh Disabled—Brave Work of the Brigade."

So read the headlines over the "Globe's" columns of information respecting one of the most disastrous events in the history of Toronto.

Then came the record of the following bald facts. What a world of sadness to some hearts lies behind the short sentences!

Robert Bowers, killed.
Chief Ardagh, injured.
Silas Smedley, injured.
Robert Foster, injured.
Frank Forsyth, injured.

The fire started in the "Globe" newspaper building, at the corner of Yonge and Melinda streets. It was discovered by the night watchman a few minutes before three o'clock. He was on one of his regular rounds through the building, when he opened the door of the boiler-room, and was met by a cloud of issuing smoke. He rang the fire alarm as quickly as he could, but the flames made such rapid headway that by the time the fire reels began to arrive the building was past saving.

Estimated loss, \$750,000.
Estimated insurance, \$935,000.

The firemen were working against terrible disadvantages. The water pressure would not throw a stream to the roof of the five and six storey buildings. To overcome this difficulty, the large aerial ladder was run on to Melinda street and placed in position with the intention of carrying up the hose and thus reach the top of the "Globe" building. When the ladders was almost in place it was found that the position was too hot to work in, and the order was countermanded by the foreman. This was five minutes past three o'clock, and before the ladder could be lowered a



ROBERT BOWERS.

portion of the "Globe" wall falling outward buried it and two men, Robert Bowers and Robert Foster, under its ruins. The injured men were taken out of the debris and removed to the General Hospital, where one of them, Robert Bowers, of the Lombard street hall, died a couple of hours later. Shortly afterwards three others of the brigade, including the chief himself, were added to the list of injured.

Nothing but the heavy fall of snow, which started about an hour ahead of the fire and quickly covered every object to the depth of three or four inches, saved the city from an appalling conflagration, the dimensions and destructiveness of which cannot be even guessed at.

Remarkable to relate, a second fire, broke out in the same neighborhood on Thursday night, January 10th, on which the "Toronto Mail" has the following:

A second great fire, one even more calamitous than that of Sunday last, has visited the heart of Toronto, and taught us that this city will burn with just as angry and cruel a blaze as Milwaukee, as Chicago, or any other fire-swept city. The conflagration that broke out in the Osgoody building last night, and bit its way into warehouse after warehouse till nearly a whole block was like a roaring furnace, is a catastrophe such as is calculated to awe the strongest of us. Even at a distance it was terrible—reddening the sky to the zenith. To those who stood on high places in the immediate neighborhood, the fire was like a fascinating scene of pandemonium. Again and again the flames leaped in a fiery volume from the blazing ruins. Again and again our brave firemen proved faithful to their trust, and foot by foot contested the ground of battle, risking their lives in the encounter, and working with magnificent courage and zeal.

Now, a word for the firemen: Compared with human life, dollars and cents and the worth they represent, are but dross.

Every man on the Fire Brigade is the centre of a realm peculiar to him—a circle of affection and sympathy—yet at the call of duty these men—Toronto's heroes—are found ready to risk limb and life in the execution of their duty.

Such men are genuine heroes.

We are proud of them.

God bless our Fire Brigade men, and their class throughout the Territory.

Poor Robert Bowers. Honored name. He died at his post.

He has left behind some who are very sad at their loss. God bless and console them.

May such brave hearts and willing hands multiply throughout our broad Dominion.

But, reader! Are you a Christian—one of God's Fire Brigade?

Do you not hear the clanging of the alarm bell?

Souls, precious souls—immortal souls—are dying—every moment—while I write—while you read—dropping into the unextinguishable fire of a fully-awakened conscience!

"Unextinguishable" did I say? Yes! True! Unextinguishable there, but here the fire may be stopped; they may be saved—the burning brands can be quenched in Jesus' blood. Hallelujah!

The case is desperate, but the remedy is at hand and gloriously unobtainable to the sinner.

Unfortunately, Toronto's machinery for quenching fire was found totally inadequate.

The Flames Laughed

at the futile efforts of the noble firemen, but in the Salvation of Jesus Christ there is an ample supply.

Firemen! Here's the danger. Sin and death.

Here's the remedy,—the blood of Jesus.

The great, great, pressing need is Firemen. Men to bring Salvation to those ready to perish.

Hear you not the voice of the Lord God saying: "My will go for Us and whom shall I send?"

JOHN LYNN.

The Holiness Gating.

Holiness means hard work.

Holiness is a quality that "seeketh not her own."

Holiness condescends to men of low estate.

Holiness is the other extreme from frigid Christianity.

Holiness hates hypocrisy though it pities the hypocrite.

Holiness is the death of selfishness.

Holiness is strictly righteous; yes, it overflows with goodness.

Holiness is not the maudlin sentimentality sometimes mistaken for it.

Holiness has no mean tricks.

Holiness gives the glory to God.

Holiness is of a wonderfully kind nature.

Holiness did not think it too much to trudge bleeding to Calvary for a very coarse crowd.

Holiness is a mighty sweetener to a sour spirit.

Holiness has a beautifully warm heart.

Holiness is love! love!! love!!!



FAITHFUL.—Firm in adherence to the truth and duties of religion.—Webster. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2. Let it be a deep-rooted principle in your life to be faithful, and here I might say, "tis the little things that form the principle. Are you loose in them, you will soon prove a traitor to God's cause.

FAITHLESS.—False; disloyal; deceptive.—Webster.

FAINT.—"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Gal. 6. 9. To become feeble; to be weak; to lose courage or spirit. Care, loose the patient from all tight clothing, such as, too high aspirations, looking too much for visible results and setting the heart loose upon the work—than upon God. Let them breathe more of the heavenly atmosphere with many applications of water by the Word. If not recovered in 24 hours you're the first one it has failed to cure.

FAST.—Giving the stomach a holiday, or lighter work, thereby fitting the mind better for devotion, also, mortifying the appetite. Sanctified and practiced by our Saviour.

FAREWELL.—A wish of happiness or welfare at parting; act of departure.

FAULTS.—Errors by mistake of judgment; failures. *hieniam*. See *hieniam* to deal with them. Matt. 18, 15; Gal. 6. 1.

I noticed at one corps a sister uphold and defend her chasm in fault because she loved her. Later another sister of the corps was accused of the same fault, and because she cared very little for her, she was one of the hardest in her denunciations. I told her about it and she with me believe, has gained a life-long lesson on judging.

FEL.—"Fear God." Reverence, respect.

FELLOWSHIP.—A familiar intercourse; association. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." Eph. 5. "God is faithful, by whom we were called into the fellowship of His son Jesus Christ, our Lord." 1 Cor. 1. 9.

NAAMAN.

Extracts from the Commandant's Bible Reading.

"HE WAS ALSO A MIGHTY MAN OF VALOR."

So much so that we read the Lord had by him given deliverance. Valor, of course, is a good thing in itself. It is, too, an indispensable of success quite as much in Christ's cause as in any other; but God can sometimes use the valor and leave the valiant alone.

It is a strange coincidence, that we can find in history reference to the deliverance here spoken of brought by this man Naaman in the fact that he is supposed to have been the one who drew the bow at a venture which smote Ahab and so brought the victory at that battle.



DREW A BOW AT A VENTURE, AND SMOTE AHAB.

There may be many who draw bows at a venture, who let fly their arrows without any very definite aim just to sport their own bravery. God may utilize their valor and guide their arrows into the heart of some bigger enemy, but leave the shooter none the better for his heroism.

Don't be mistaken, who talk so much about your Christian work, your classes for young people, your tea parties, your visitation of the sick, and many other such things.

God forbid I should dampen your zeal in any good cause, but, be not deceived, I say, in this matter it is possible for you, as it was for Naaman, to be bringing deliverance to others, and yet yourself be a cast-away.

Don't, therefore, I pray you, make the fatal mistake of thinking you can by valor alone fight your way to the Celestial City.

No accomplishment of your own will suffice to get you into Glory.

Other ume there is none among men save Christ Jesus, not one, not even your own.

Great deeds you may do, but you are a leper for all that.

"AND THE SYRIANS HAD GONE INHOLLIC" is a mighty sweetener to a OUT IN COMRADES AND HAD BROUGHT AWAY CAPTIVE OUT OF THE LAND OF ISRAEL A LITTLE MAID, AND SHE WAITED ON NAAMAN'S WIFE."

Now, note the contrast we have between these two descriptions.

Here we have a poor, simple little "Hallelujah Lass." The first thing we read of her was that "she was a captive."

The Syrians had gone out on expeditions of robbery. As was their custom upon such occasions, they brought home all they could lay their hands on, and all such as were suitable for their service.

They had brought this little maid back as such,—stolen her from her parents and home, and the virtue of her surroundings, dragged her to captivity and infamy and shame.

"A captive! helpless, weak, and all that it stands for, but she was a captive of the Lord of Hosts, nevertheless. She belonged to Him as well as to the Syrians.

Mark that.

For this very reason her misfortunes were turned to great account. Her catastrophes became conquests.

That is always the way of it.

Observe, too, how that littleness in self-estimation is the condition of usefulness for God.

This girl had learnt the lesson Naaman was yet to be taught. She had submitted to the chastening and humiliating rod of God.

And so it must be with all those who are to be mighty in His strength.

They must first be made weak in order that He may use them;—made nothing in order that He may by them bring to nought things that are.

Now, you little hallelujah lasses, hesitating to come forward as candidates because you are afraid God has no use for you, remember the story of this little maid. She takes that excuse from your lips.

God has as big a job for you as He had for her.

Some of you, too, give way to resentful feelings on account of your non-acceptance. I suppose that you can do little till adorned with the Captain's braid, see what this servant girl accomplished, while still at the call of her earthly mistress.

It is told, too, about this little lassie that "she waited on Naaman's wife." That was a high position for a captive slave to rise to. There is significance in the reference; she had risen there, not without cause—good conduct, faithful adherence to duty as one might expect, from a girl trained to serve the God of Israel, she proved herself to her mistress as well as to her God. Good at the dishes and home work, as well as at testifying of the Prophet. Hence observe how her word is accepted by the great man, Naaman.

Why was that? It was backed by a good example. Now, how about you, my sister?

What about your kitchen experience?

How about your standing with your mistress?

Have you particularly impressed her with your industry, or your consistency?

Are you as particular of her interests as paid to be? If you are, you are not likely to be much good abroad if you are unreliable at home.

You think it a mean affair, do you, to be sewing there in that back kitchen, washing dishes and sweeping carpets and tending babies? Believe me, it is the most important of matters, while you are at it, just because it is the training process by which you shall know yourself and prove your calling.

I have heard of servants great at testimonies and meetings and religious performances in public, whose great professions have anything but the contribution of their masters, not because either in some cases their earthly masters are unreasonable, but simply because they impress everybody about them indoors that they are too busy to do as they are told, and too much absorbed in religion to care much about their daily duties.

Now, people whose religion makes them unmanageable and unkindly of the feelings of their superiors, their religion is all moonshine. Folks whose Christian character is all for the platform, the pew, and the public, and never behind the scenes, have no character that can rightly be called "Christian" at all.

This little maid got promoted from slave to maid of honor, before she gave her first testimony, and everyone of you who serve and profess, should be right in your confidence as to your service and your profession will look after itself. This little lass was only a slave, and it was preferable to be a good slave than a leprous Captain.

There is a gem of untold worth—It's given by God to all on earth—Millions don't prize it, so throw it away;

Eternity dawns, and it's lost for aye.

—The late Captain Laura Fiezell.

FROM THE HAUNTS OF THE CODFISH.

Adjutant Smeeton Brings a Breath of the Salt Sea into the Office of the "War Cry."



IT'S simply a cocking a snook, I said the bronzed and breezy-looking Adjutant, certainly none the worse for his afternoon among the fisher folk.

This was in response to the inquiry as to how the financial difficulties in Newfoundland are affecting our people.

"Something shocking," he repeated dolefully. "Almost every merchant, without exception, in St. John's has failed, including the largest ship-owner in the world."

"You see it is pretty much the same as if the Dominion Bank should break. It affects everybody. No money, no credit. The banks nothing but waste paper practically. For instance, one of our soldiers, with a widowed mother to support, and others, after working hard all summer away fishing, has every cent of his hard-earned savings of nine months swept away. But, besides, before that the people were

Exceedingly Poor."

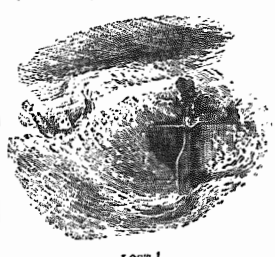
"The fishing was not so successful as usual this summer, was it?"

"On the Labrador it was a complete failure. The catch on the Banks was not so bad, however, and now with this financial trouble all the little surplus sums they had laid by for a rainy day has vanished."

"People wouldn't believe how simply and poorly those fisher-folk live."

"The diet is very plain, no doubt?"

"The very plainest. Salt fish, potatoes, tea and bread. They fish and farm. Everything they have they either catch or grow. The hardships they face at sea is incredible. One of our soldiers was run down this year by the 'Majestic'."



LOST!

"Yes, there was a word or two about it in the Cry. How did it happen?"

"It was a very touching thing, although not uncommon. It was just in the first grey dawn of the early morning. A party of men were out in a little open boat,

Jiggering Squids."

"What?"

"Catching a sort of jelly-fish they use for bait. They heard the horn of the 'Majestic,' they thought quite a distance away, but before they knew it the great steamer came crashing down on them, and they were out in two completely between stem and stern. The 'Majestic' let down her boats, but two poor fellows were lost. The Captain was in a terrible way. He said it was the first he had ever run down. They took them on to New York and returned them home."

"There must be a great deal of anxiety for those who stay ashore."

"Oh, yes; constant. There was one time they were afraid we had gone

down in the 'Glad Tidings.' Oh, there was great weeping and wailing. We were tossed to and fro in the little craft, and every few minutes the waves would sweep over the decks. They dash right over the light-house tops sometimes."

"We laughed here in Toronto when we heard you were

Waiting for the Wind."

The Adjutant laughed too; it seemed so odd in these days of electricity.

"Yes," he continued, "Wind and weather are two great factors there. You have to practise patience. You learn to live a moment at a time. I waited one solid fortnight."

"Maybe you are glad of a War Cry, then?"

"Aye, that's the time. On the banks, perhaps, you find one of an old 'Cry' carefully straightened out, and put away on a shelf. The skippers of the boats come constantly to the quarters to know how many men let them have. Remember, I should say they are well-used. I was quite surprised to find how carefully some of them followed the General's tour and commented on the various receptions, etc. The trouble is, it's so long before they can reach us. They were sailing the S. D. 'Cry' on Christmas Eve."

"The Newfoundlanders have a remarkable religious tendency. How do you account for that?"

"It's partly their Cornish extraction. I think Lots of them come from Cornwall. You've heard of Cornish Methodism. They don't get a blessing if they don't have a dance; they are not contented with it."

"They believe in feeling?"

"They are an emotional, affectionate people, intelligent and honest. If they are not right in their sons they confess themselves to be elders at once. They love the Army. The crowd will sit three or four hours at a meeting and never stir. Of course, their sympathies are largely local, their interests bounded by their own little harbor often where they live and die."

"They seem to have a fine physique too?"

"Yes, as a rule—a healthy, snappy physique. Consumption is the most prevalent disease. They contract it through exposure, getting wet feet, etc. But on the whole they are a contented, healthy class. 'Railway's Ready Relief' is the unfailing resource for all ills. They build their own houses, grow their own vegetables,

Shear Half a Sheep.

spin it on their spinning machines, then knit it into jerseys, etc.

"And very likely they are as happy as the people in the cities with all the latest developments of civilization."

"Oh, happier, far happier; it would seem. Sometimes they may catch a deer, and tin it for the winter. Sometimes they go fox-hunting. But in the same fishery, the great difference you wouldn't believe how plentiful it is—all sorts. From my quarters I could see the whales passing. I counted five one morning alone."

"Lots of ice, no doubt?"

"Not so much just there; the slab ice gets broken up and floats all out to sea. It's very interesting to watch the schooners come in and unload, with their thousands of seals. They simply bring home the skins and the fat—it's about three inches deep sometimes. They get their supplies from the merchants in exchange instead of money. It is called the 'truck system.' Many of the fishermen, when they run out to sea, leave their wives, their schooners and fish along the shore."

"That is where 'The Salvationist' cruises?"

"Yes. Oh, she's a real beauty! Everybody says so. She coasts along from port to port."

"What is Labrador like?"

"It's a wild, bleak, rocky shore."

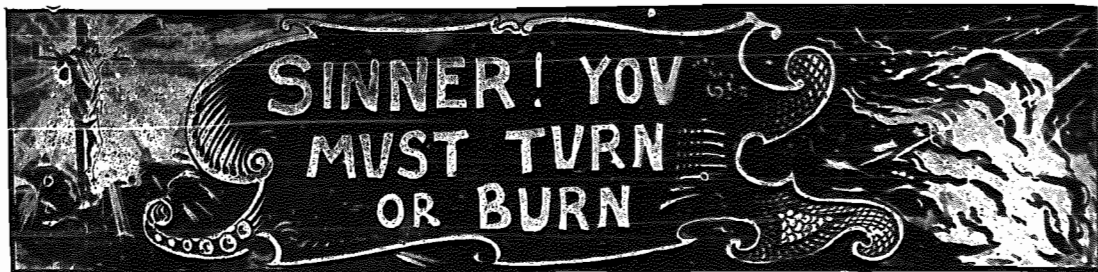
Salvation Shine.

Beautiful COAL at City Prices.

Also Orders Taken for WOOD.

TEL. 761

You would be astonished how bright and cheerful the look of the coal is when you remember you bought the coal from the Salvationist.



All Ontario Officers are expected to be present at the General's Meetings in Toronto.

The Trial of Satan.

YARMOUTH.—The Jubilee Band visited Yarmouth. Twenty-eight sought salvation. New Year's eve there was no interval between the regular meeting and the watch-night service. Until after eleven we listened to confessions of wanderers, and testimonies of those who for the first time had sought the Saviour. At the close another came. A goodly number joined in the midnight march, amidst thickly-falling snow. The following evening, notwithstanding unpleasant weather, the barracks was filled. Some were curious to witness "The Trial of Satan." Others were anxious to see further displays of God's saving power, the events of the former meeting having been noised abroad. At a brief encounter with the drink demon, victory was gained. Most of the converts join the march, and testified in the meetings. A brother said, though he had several times, during the past year, been forward for prayers, by not taking a bold stand, he had failed to retain God's favor. One came forward at the close of the meeting.—**AUXILIARY 94.**

A March to Disappointment.

VICTORIA.—The General's visit has come and gone. Memories of it linger long in our hearts. Victoria was honored with many visitors. On New Year's night the Nanaimo train brought the officers and band from that city. With the Victoria officers and soldiers, they marched to the wharf to welcome the Commandant. However, the Eastern train being some hours late, he was detained in Vancouver till the next night, but Captain Milner and Lieutenant Gooding arrived from the Terminal City, and we marched back to the barracks, determined to have a profitable time, despite our disappointment.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald led. Three brass bands assisted. The Nanaimo band played one of their beautiful pieces from the Band Journal, and then our old friend, Lieutenant Emms Gooding, sang.

"God bless our General!"

was sung heartily from the WAR CRY, accompanied by the two Victoria bands. Some more testimonies, and our Jubilee Lasses' Band played very sweetly. Another selection from the Nanaimo band, and Captain Milner read.—**ANNIE KEILLY, S. C.**

A Wedding March.

MONTREAL II.—Captain and Mrs. Peers welcomed home from their wedding tour. A banquet was held, which, it is only fair to the Point to say, was a great success. A march-out took place, the local corps being aided by No. 1, corps, French Mission, and Lighthouse; also the brass band from

No. 1. An address of welcome was tendered on behalf of soldiers to Captain and Mrs. Peers, by Ensign McLean.

Few, but True.

AMHERST.—Captain Miller with us, and Captain Prince led the meetings. Our soldiers are few, yet they are good.—**Captain L. PENNEY.**

Seven Souls.

MILLBROOK.—Three souls Sunday, two Sunday before—seven altogether since coming. Crowds improving both here and at outpost (Manvers). Caves sold out every week.—**F. R. BLOSS** for Captain H. WALKER.

Looking Forward.

PICTON.—Three for a clean heart. Crowded house on Sunday night; deep convictions. We are looking forward.—**A. A. KELLEY**

Spanish Songs and Indians.

HAMILTON.—Brigadier de Barritt, with his troupe of Indians and white people, has been doing good service in Hamilton. As we met on Sunday, God met with us, and seemed to fill us to overflowing. Although the day was wet, crowds were good, and a number of souls volunteered.

Mrs. de Barritt and M'dred joined us through the week, and gave some Spanish songs.

Captain and Mrs. Florence are still alive, as are the Indian comrades.—**Captain T. H. WOOLICH.**

You'll Get Arrested.

MORRISBURG.—Blessed watch-night service; about forty-five present. We marched after twelve o'clock. A minister said to Captain: "You folks will get arrested for disturbing people at that hour."

Our new D. O., Ensign Hunter, with his wife, led the meetings here Wednesday and Thursday.—**ERTIE WHITTAKER.**

Bravo, Lieutenant.

WYOMING, Jan. 10th, 1895.

DEAR EDITOR:

The Christmas Cry I'm sure was grand, And second to none that's in the land; The picture—well, I can't express; It recommends itself the best.

Please send me five more Christmas Caves with next lot of Caves, and oblige, Yours, pushing the Cry.—**Lieutenant G. SMITH.**

Dry Bones Shaking.

PARIS.—Saturday night's meeting was a proper one. Lieutenant all on fire at the holiness meeting, Sunday morning. The dry bones are beginning to awake. The band played in the afternoon. What a lovely march! The meeting, too, was grand. One brother said the collection was too

small, and said he would give a dollar if the rest would make it up to three. Another brother gives a dollar, and an old gentleman walks out with a quarter, and the three dollars were soon received. The prodigal came home, and a weary sinner knelt beside him.—**W. McLAUCHLIN, S. C.**

"Come Again, Major."

GUELPH.—Major Streeton to the front. Sunday morning holiness meeting time of blessing. Night meeting grand, soldiers turned out well, and a good rousing open-air commenced the night battle. Good crowd, conviction great. Come again, Major. (We all say this.) Two souls. Ensign Cass is very weak. Will every comrade please pray for him.—**BRYAN.**

Clean Hearts Means Forward March.

NEEPAWA.—Still rising amidst shouts of glory. Eight soldiers for clean hearts. Clean hearts in this corps means forward march. Terrific assault on the enemy Sunday night, captured four prisoners, tremendous conviction. Young men asking soldiers to pray for them.—**F. KNOWLES** for **CAPT. HEWITT.**

Wanted.—Faith and Courage.

WARTON.—One soul. Since then another wanderer has returned. We ask for the prayers of the Dominion that God may increase our faith and courage.—**Lieut. T. FORD BARKER.**

"Highest congratulations upon the splendid Christmas Cry."—**H. TAYLOR**, Captain, International War Cry Representative.

"The Christmas WAR CRY was lovely!"—**Mrs. ENSIGN BRADLEY.**

VANCOUVER has a sturdy little corps of some seventy soldiers under Captain Milner (a converted school-mistress) and Lieutenant Gooding. Its victories are not so scabrous as those of some corps, owing to a shifting population.

"Only two members remain of those who composed our band this time last year," a bandsman explained. They have all gone to other parts of the country.

The city is one which seems destined to greatly outgrow its present 15,000 population. The wooden shanties which composed it were all burned down six years ago, at which period a woman in the streets was gazed upon as a curiosity. The gentler sex are scarce enough now to be very highly valued. With a splendid deep-water harbor, and no mean scenery, the "Lion's Gate," derived from the conformation of the mountains overlooking the harbor, has a future. May it be one in which God shall be honored.—**CAPTAIN TAYLOR, British War Cry Correspondent.**

A Wedding Feast.

SELKIRK.—Mrs. Read and Bro. Habbick arrived. The Major was unable to come through sickness. Saturday and Sunday the meetings were well attended. Monday night, Mrs. Read spoke about the work in Newfoundland. Tuesday night was a musical meeting. One soul. The first wedding in Selkirk. Major Read came from Winnipeg to tie the knot, accompanied by Ensign Hughes, Captains Shea and Cromarty, Winnipeg band, and some soldiers. The barracks was packed. Then Sergeant William Moor and Sister Jennie Nicholson were married in true Salvation Army style under the yellow, red and blue. After the meeting, soldiers and friends retired to another hall for the wedding feast.—**ONE** who was there.

A Methodist Shouting.

OWEN SOUND.—Holiness meeting was led by the Rev. Mr. Vier; a powerful meeting it was, too. A Methodist got the glory, and was shouting and dancing. Some seven or eight went forward for the blessing of a clean heart. Two or three souls have been forward lately.—**Mrs. J. STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.**

Nine Miles Through the Storm.

MORRISBURG.—Adjutant Magee, the Social Reform man, led the meeting. Good open-air, large crowd, hard fight for souls. Meeting led by Captain Stata and Lieutenant Boles. One backslider. He had driven nine miles through a terrible storm to be present. He went home rejoicing.—**ERTIE WHITTAKER.**

Honor Roll.

—, Edmonton	157
Lieut. Lowrie, London	102
Lieut. Lowrie, London	95
Capt. Corlett, Nanaimo	69
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Latest Despatches

FROM THE
National Centres.

ENGLAND.

The Chief of the Staff has been very active. He spent Christmas night at Cambridge, being busy at Norwich, and among some of his decisions arising out of scores of interviews at the International Headquarters on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, was one which receives immediate publicity, viz., the new "Social Gazette." In company with Commissioners Howard and Pollard, the Chief met and addressed the whole of the London Provincial Staff on Saturday afternoon. He conducted the Watch-night at Clapham.

The Field Commissioner was able to show herself and say a few words to her devoted London Seniors and Juniors at the Christmas demonstrations.

Commissioner Higgins, from South Africa, arrived too late for his Xmas dinner. During his tour he travelled over 20,000 miles, inspecting the whole of our Social, spiritual and native operations, travelled one Commissioner and installed another, conducted Field and Local Officers' Councils, made many friends, raised a few hundred pounds for the African War, opened the new Territorial Headquarters at Cape Town, and, best of all, helped many souls to God and holiness. He reported, at a little welcome home conveyed by Commissioner Howard, that Commissioner and Mrs. Kees are in fine form and spirits.

GERMANY.

Commissioner McKie is trying the experiment of a weekly holiness meeting in Berlin. Special halls are being engaged for the purpose. Definite steps are being taken for the organization of the Junior Soldiers' War throughout Germany on regulation lines.

AMERICA.

The Commander has been making his active presence felt. He maintains the improvement in his physical condition, and unless in case of unforeseen complications, will soon be full fit on the war path once more. As far as that goes, it is doubtful if he is not already over-exerting himself in that direction, and regarding the protests of Mrs. Booth and his physician. The Commander is a worthy disciple of his father, the General. He regards his time as a sacred trust, and can spare very little of it which even to convalesce or recruit his strength.

Mrs. Colonel Endie continues to make satisfactory progress, but is still in a very weak condition.

AUSTRALIA.

A fire, which unfortunately occurred on the Adelaide P. R. B. Farm recently, has landed our Senior Wing comrades in very serious difficulty. Some sparks, carried by a high wind into the carpenter's shop while the men were at dinner, set fire to some of the inflammable material always to be found in larger or smaller quantities in such places, and before the fact was well noticed, the building was in flames.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Postell have sailed for England.

Colonel Dowd is doing well at the Antipodes. He has left for a tour in New Zealand. While in Australia he visited 82 different corps, held 470 indoor meetings, had 8,750 at the public camp, and travelled in the colonies 10,000 miles.

NEW ZEALAND.

The new Rescue Home at Wellington has been opened successfully. The Premier of the Colony was present. The Self-Denial returns up to date amount to £1,850.

AFRICA.

The opening of new Headquarters and Officers' Centres in Cape Town has been a marvellous success. During the Congress two hundred souls came forward.

Commissioner Rees left Cape Town on December 18th for an extended tour through the Diamond Fields,

Eastern, Natal and Zululand Divisions.

INDIA.

Some of our Cape Comorin officers have constituted themselves sanitary inspectors. In consequence, there is a great improvement in many of the villages.

Staff-Captain Perera says, "I have just had the pleasure and unspeakable joy of leading my grandmother to Jesus. She was a Buddhist of eighty years of age, very bigoted and strong in her beliefs. Glory to Jesus for His wonderful works."

A smart lad, from Cottian, one hundred miles North of Nagercoil, turned up the other day at the Bombay Headquarters. He had seen the Army in Madras, had fallen in love with it and had come to join it. He is now in the Men's Training Home.

NORWAY.

Lieutenant Anna Ingebritsen, a Ship Officer in Bergen, died recently. Her last words were, "Jesus has opened the gate! I have already seen His glory!" When she was first converted, she was obliged to sleep in the wilderness, because her parents would have nothing to do with her if she became a Christian; but she stood true, and died at her post.

FINLAND.

Major Hanström is providing meals for the destitute poor in Helsinki. This branch of Social effort has taken on tremendously with the Finnish public of the supplies, both in cash and kind, are pouring in.

DENMARK.

Colonel Taylor gave a Christmas dinner to the men who for some time past have been sheltered from the cold in Helsingensgade Hall, Copenhagen. This meal was preliminary to the opening of the new Shelter, which takes place in a few days.

NEWS AND NOTES

FROM THE

TERRITORIAL CENTRE.

Mrs. Booth is presiding over affairs at the Territorial Headquarters in the Commandant's absence.

The General has held a conference with the British Columbia Cabinet on the question of an Over-the-Snow Colony, at the invitation of the Government.

The General has telegraphed a contribution of \$50 to the Newfoundland sufferers. The Commandant is also forwarding the same amount.

Premier Sir Oliver Mowat will give an address of welcome on Thursday night, February 7th, to the General, in Toronto.

The Food and Shelter for men recently opened in London is proving a marked success. The new Rescue Home in Ottawa is also doing very well.

In Toronto, Major Bennett, and Staff-Captain McMillan have been putting in full time at the Social Farm, tarring roofs, and swinging pickaxes, etc.

Major Streeter slipped on the icy sidewalk and sprained his left arm very painfully.

Miss Macdonald, one of Headquarters representatives, also received a wound to the effect that her brother had passed suddenly away at her home near Ottawa.

REDUCED RATE TICKETS

From all points on the C. P. R. and G. T. R., (this is fare for the return journey) may be obtained by persons coming to the General's meetings at Toronto.

A Winnipeg paper states that Major Read will go to California. Unless there is some alteration made since the Commandant left here, this must be incorrect, as he is now located in Toronto.

All Ontario Officers are expected to be present at the General's meetings in Toronto.

Captain Harmony, Charlottee's Bandmaster, from the Pacific Coast, called at the Editorial Office.

Notes of the interview will appear next week.

Captain H—— speaks well of our brother Editor, Staff-Captain Millsaps, as do all people bailing from 'Frisco.

THE
Nanaimo Miner

SAVED—WIFE SAVED TOO—CANADA.

BY S. C. ANNIE REILLY.

The General announced a wave-offering and invited everybody present to join in. Almost the whole audience availed themselves of a handkerchief, War Cry, or anything else, and waved with all their might.

Mr. Duggan gazed on that happy crowd, heard them sing, saw them wave, and longed to join them.

The night came when the brother who was dearer than life to him,



FAREWELL OF HIM WHO HAD SO LONG STRIVEN TO LEAD HIM RIGHT.

stood for the last time on the platform, where he had fought so faithfully as a soldier, to say good-bye before leaving for the training home.

No eye but God's could read the feelings of our brother as he sat in that—his—memorable farewell meeting, broken-hearted at the thought of losing him who had for so long striven to help him to the right path.

When the prayer meeting was opened,

His Brother Came Down

and plended with him to get right. This completely broke him down, and before many minutes had passed they were kneeling side by side at the feet of the slumbering Saviour. It was a sharp struggle. His sin seemed to rise like a mountain, and so great a sinner did he feel in the sight of God that for some time he could not grasp the wonderful plan of salvation, and the devil persuaded him that pardon was beyond his reach, but Jesus came to his help, and spoke peace to the troubled heart.

He rose to testify of what God had done for him and found to his joy that his wife stood by his side, having volunteered out almost immediately after him.

He determined from that night to live the whole life for God, and do his best to fill the vacant place that his brother had left as soldier and bandman. Scarcely a meeting was missed, and through the Almighty power given from above, he went on conquering and to conquer. He became a soldier for life, feeling that God, who had used the S. A. in putting him to a better way of living, enabled him to share the light.

After some months, the position of secretary being vacant, he was appointed to it.

Comrade Duggan's position in the corps placed him in circumstances which he would sometimes like to have evaded.

One incident he will never forget took place six months after his conversion. The officers having been taken sick, he, with another lad, were put in charge. It was customary to meet in the open-air at different

streets, so that no part of the town should be missed.

When the time came round to commence the meeting, only three lads beside himself had turned up, and not one could sing. Nothing daunted, he gave out a song, and started it alone, but

His Melody was Short-Lived,

and after struggling through a line or two, for the first time in his life he broke down.

It seemed discouraging to the young impromptu officer, but before the devil had a chance to get a word in edge-ways, he dropped on his knees and started to pray. The other three lads caught the fire, and as they called on God, He drew very near. Before they had finished reinforcements arrived, and the "noble four" rejoiced.

God opened up the way for him to Canada, and in a few weeks he fared well.

On boarding the steamer, two lads, who were also Salvationists,

Spied His Red Guernsey,

and immediately claimed his acquaintance. They made it pretty hot for others on salvation matters.

Arriving at Victoria he was admitted to a soldiers' meeting, led by a Captain and Cadet, the latter being no other than our old friend of Western fame, now Ensign Terney, of the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

This being his first meeting in the country,

It Felt Like Heaven,

and he came away wonderfully blessed.

He first located at Wellington, 76 miles from Victoria, (the nearest corps.)

His mate in the mine, who was un-saved, would often tell him that there was

No God in the Country,

but, though he greatly differed with him, it was a real time of standing alone. Yet God was enough in every trying hour.

He used to get War Crys up from Victoria and distribute them. In about three months the S. A. opened up in Nanaimo, near six miles away. This was in May, 1899, and they have not deserted the "Black Diamond City" yet.

Our comrades felt at home again on hearing the sound of the dear old Army drum, but it was a long walk from Wellington to Nanaimo after a day's toiling in the mine, and upon the Methodists' reasoning, he for three or four months, felt in with them. Every encouragement was offered him, and he found ample field to labor, being made superintendent of the Sunday School; but it was not where God had placed him, and at the end of that time he

Resumed His Long Walk.

At present he travels three miles every time he attends a meeting, but he finds that he is doubly repaid in blessing.

Some two years ago he was appointed bandmaster, which position he still holds, and in God's hands is being made a help and blessing.

His present testimony is that "Jesus saves and keeps him by His power."

May he be kept until the judgment morning, when He cometh to make up His jewels and bestow the crown upon those who have been "faithful unto death."

"A soldier's life by grace I'll live, A soldier's death I thus will die. The robe and crown the brave receive Will then be mine in the mansions of the sky."

Help the Unemployed!

When you need your sidewalks cleaned of snow, don't forget we can have it done for you at a reasonable figure. Send us your order to

Telephone 761

And help the out-of-work.

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WAR CRY

THE GENERAL AND THE CABINET.

In the last night of the old year, the General, at Seattle, concluded one of his most supreme platform efforts with a prophecy—a note of inspired hope, namely, that eventually his scheme would be adopted the world over, and the only thing at which men would marvel would be that they neglected their poor, their criminal and their unfortunate so long as they had done.

These words are an echo of the beating of his noble heart.

The Cabinet meeting at Victoria, with the General, looks like the beginning of that prophecy's fulfillment.

We commend the Salvation Army Social scheme to the consideration of all who have to do with "the great problem of the day." We say in no boastful spirit either, that the Army's scheme presents the solution to the problem. The actual accomplishments of the scheme in Britain are the proof of what we say. This "Yugur Salvation Army" has the key to success, and has furnished an object lesson for all.

The Cabinet of Victoria heard the General personally respecting his scheme, and were, we understand, most favorably impressed. We ask that the Army be given fair chance to bring its Social Scheme into operation wherever the populations are congested and distress prevails, and we are positive that by God's blessing, success will attend our efforts.

Salvationists all through the Territory will be glad to note how smart the Commandant seized the opportunity to push on the Social work at Vancouver and Victoria. The British War Cry reporter says, "Seized the opportunity by the horns."—Hurrah!

MRS. BOOTH.

Mrs. Booth gets most enthusiastically received whenever she addresses a meeting outside Salvation Army borders, as much so, in fact, as when within her own borders. Her reception at the W. C. T. U. meeting in the Pavilion, Toronto, was no exception. The following letter has since been received from the Corresponding Secretary of the W. C. T. U.:

Toronto, Jan., 1895.

"Dear Mrs. Booth: I have been requested by Toronto District W. C. T. U. to return to you their very sincere thanks for your earnest and eloquent address at your meeting in the Pavilion, on Sunday, December 30th, held in conjunction with the Canadian Temperance League. We know you are not working for thanks, nevertheless, we do thank you, and are very grateful to you for giving us the time and help, as we know your engagements are numerous. The words spoken so earnestly from your heart, will, we feel, be productive of good in other hearts, and we trust your work in the Army and everywhere will continue to be marked with grand results. God bless and keep you."

"TORONTO AFLAME."

Toronto has been convulsed with excitement over the two disastrous fires. Much money, we regret to say, has been sunk, but standing out above all other circumstances is the nobility of the Firemen.

God bless these noble men! The "Toronto Mail" says of the second fire:

"The Fire Brigade was heavily handicapped by the lack of pressure and the absence of Chief Ardagh (who was injured in the first fire). Those who have been at fires in the city will remember hearing the hoarse voice of the chief above every other sound, as he urged his men on, and with bull-dog determination kept the fire under control. His place was taken by Assistant Chiefs Graham and Thompson, both good men, but neither of them such terrific fighters as the 'old man.' They did their duty nobly, however, last night, and covered themselves with glory.

"Several of the firemen suffered injuries and two were rendered hors de combat, but the verdict of the rest of the brigade was that they got off luckily. Many suffered cuts and bruises, but they kept right on as if nothing had happened. Too much credit cannot be given the brigade for the noble work done. Three lives were saved, and after a terrible fight the whole southwestern portion of the city was saved from destruction.

help doing something for the hard-pressed colony.

Major Morris is just the officer for the country. He will not die of despair, however great the difficulties, and every Newfoundland may reckon on having in him a brother ready to roll up his sleeves and help.

THE GENERAL'S TORONTO CAMPAIGN.

Many wonderful happenings have been recorded in connection with the General's wonderful campaign throughout the Dominion, but the Toronto wind-up must eclipse everything. Full announcements next issue.

Every Prohibitionist ought to have the Brewer's Ghost.

The "Brewer's Ghost," reprinted from the Christmas War Cry, is being issued from the Salvation Army Press in a most taking style.

It is a most tremendous impeachment of the drink traffic. It proves that the author is able to use the artillery of Truth against the crying evils of the day with as tremendous effect as that great champion of total abstinence, and sainted memory, Mrs. General Booth.

TORONTO'S CHIEF FIRE-BRIGADE MEN.



Joe Davis, Last Chief.
D. Gibson, Electrician.

R. Ardagh, Chief.
Tom Graham, Dep. Chief.

John Thompson, Asst. Chief.
R. J. McGowan, Secretary.

(From a picture kindly loaned by the Lombard Street Fire Hall.)

Fortunately there were no fatal accidents to record in connection with the brave work of the firemen. The most serious of the mishaps fell to William Crawford, of Berkley street fire-batt. While working in rear of the Standard Bank, he slipped, and fell off a stair to the ground, a distance of sixteen feet. He was badly bruised and shaken up. Arthur Robinson, another fireman, was injured while breaking in a door.

We have endeavored to draw a practical lesson for all our comrades from the dreadful event.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Keep your hearts up, and remember the sun will shine again on you. Fifty dollars from our General, and \$50 more from the Commandant in a proof of the sympathy the great Salvation Army outside your coasts has for you.

Three cheers for Newfoundland, the General, and our noble Commandant!

The General has a true cosmopolitan heart. The above action is a proof of it. As for the Commandant, he is so in love with Newfoundland that he would scarcely be able to

THE SOCIAL GAZETTE, PRICE ONE CENT.

FOR THRILLING INTEREST, for unflinching exposure and censure of wrong, for downright WAR spirit, no periodical published by the Salvation Army anywhere has excelled the "Social Gazette," issued weekly in London, in the interests of the General's Social Scheme, and "to voice the wails and needs of the submerged."

With the first issue for 1895, this vigorous newspaper drops in price from a penny to a half-penny.

No better move has ever been made in Salvation Army journalism. This is coming nearer the people. This is coming down in the true Salvation Army sense, down to the people. Bravo! Colonel Nicol, and whoever else has helped in this matter, we congratulate you on this most important and significant advance.

TO US "CRY" FOLK.

Highest congratulations upon splendid "New Cry."

Your affectionate colleague,
H. S. TAYLOR, Captain.

Press Wire Just Received!

FLAMING SALVATION ENTHUSIASM! GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN!

BRANDON, MAN.

Calgary comrades greeted General's arrival at five on Thursday morning, with enthusiastic special meeting in the Opera House. The General met soldiers on the stage afterwards. Train for East delayed forty hours. General and Commandant busy with interviews respecting land for the Colony. Deeply regretted the necessity to drop Regina. Brandon at midday on Sunday, splendid soul-fights. Hundreds turned away from Market Hall, thirteen captures. Great Social meeting to-night, Mayor and Council on the platform. Mayor presented superbly illustrated illuminated address. Eloquent welcome words from ministerial, legal, medical, and mercantile representatives. The General grand!

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

(British "War Cry" Representative).

This week we continue the Commandant's concise piercing character sketch of Naaman. "Naaman" is being widely disseminated in other lands. We recommend it to our readers.

Our valued correspondent "Maquillan," is, we are glad to note, back at Vancouver.

His notes on San Francisco will appear next week.

The Pacific Coast Cry editor congratulates us on our Christmas and New Year's issues, and calls them "beautiful numbers."

Mr. Robert Semple, our artist, is to be congratulated on the vigorous representation he has set forth of the Toronto fire.

The English Cry says:

The Christmas numbers are coming in one by one. The first to arrive was the Dutch—a complete and brilliant advance upon anything yet done on the Continent. The next was the Canadian, distinguished, as usual, by high-class workmanship, taste and literary ability. The palm belongs, with ease, to the Commandant. His article—"Haunted Hearts"—deserves a permanent place in Army literature. We shall quote from it at considerable length.

It was copied into three different papers from our Canadian Cry, viz. the "Deliverer," the "Social Gazette," the "Young Soldier."

What? Why Lieutenant Peddle's incident about the sparrows who took refuge at the Woman's Hotel, on Albert St., in a storm.

N.B.—Do you allow yourself privilege to write for the Cry?

Scattered throughout pages 7 and 8 will be found sketches of Victoria's chief men who have shown themselves in sympathy with our General and the Army.

Mr. McInnes, of the War Cry Publishing Department, has been called to pass through dark waters. He received a telegram to visit a brother dying of consumption at Stratford, and was almost immediately wired to return to the Toronto Hospital, where another brother was sinking from typhoid and congestion. They were both buried in the same grave.

The General Begins His Second Canadian Conquest Course.

THE COMMANDANT

Balked Again in First Greetings, but Makes up for it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MEANS BUSINESS.

Important Conference with the Government.

Our Premier - Chairman Highly Approves.

CIVIC AUTHORITIES AND PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES INVITE THE GENERAL TO AT ONCE START SHELTERS.

The General discourses to John Chinaman on making a Fortune.



E could stay
n o longer.
The "Kings-
ton" lay to,
and we step-
ped off Seat-
tle soil, his-
toric, for
evermore. In
our annuals as
making t h o
closing t r i-
umph of the General's magnificent
United States tour. On this morning
of Wednesday, January 2nd, about
an hour late, an hour every minute
of which the General crowded with
Salvation activity. A huge crowd of
soldiers and townsfolk thronged the
wharf, cheered the General, and clus-
tered round him. In return he
mounted a box, and started a free
and easy, which won instantaneous
popularity. The "party" either
sang, prayed, or testified; then the
local lights took up the ball and kept
it rolling fast and furious. They came
in procession:

Father Smith, the oldest Salvation-
ist on the Coast, and a perpetual
War Cry boomer, never found with-
out one, sing-sung a quaint
composition full of good points, and
said to be as long as a Chinese play.
Here is a couplet:

"I'd rather be alive and as small as
a dog,
Than as big as a lion and as dead as
a log."

Mother——, who is fair, fat
and saved, hails from Nottingham.
Hoard the General there. Now lives
in the woods. God keeps her com-
pany.

Lions——, seven and a half
years a convict. Splendidly saved.
And a string of Souls!

Out on the vast rolling prairie of
the Northwest was Commandant
Herbert Booth. He was on foot—in
a railway compartment. His vexed
and anxious feelings found relief
in much pacing to and fro. He and his

shorthand assistant, Mrs. Major
Read, and Staff-Captain Jewer were
speeding westward to greet their
General the moment he stepped
ashore, and introduce him to his
second Canadian Conquest course. But
there had been a sudden pulling up,
and an anxious examining, and some
dislocated coupling discovered, en-
tailing several hours' delay, and the
Commandant thought of the combina-
tion of circumstances which had be-
set and defeated him in his efforts to
meet his beloved father at Newfound-
land, and felt, as we have said, vexed
and grieved.

It was at the outer wharf of the
Victoria harbor that the Salvation
soldiers, with their Nominato band
comrades, waited a whole hour in
the cutting blast and darkening night
to shout and play their gladdest
when their General should arrive
amongst them. Then when they got
him, they hurried him into a
carriage, and with banners waving,
and torches flaming, and the
populace hurraing, they escorted
him, seated beside his host, Justice
Crease, to the City Hall. This place
was soon gorged, and Mayor Teague
promptly called upon the City Clerk,
Mr. Dowler, to read the City's wel-
come.

The address expressed the warmest
welcome to and the most unhesitat-
ing commendation of our leader and
his Army, asserted that the name of
General Booth would live in the re-
constructed lives of millions as "a
grateful and an imperishable mem-
ory." There were several other ad-
dresses prepared for presentation, in-
cluding the Clergy, the Chinese, Y. M.
C. A., W. G. T. U., and other religious
and benevolent societies, but there
was no time available for the read-
ing of these. Let all our friends,
however, be assured that the General
heartily appreciates their kind
interest and values their sympathy.

A Subterranean Greeting.

"Oh, General you will think I am

always late in coming to welcome
you!" and with his pale face unusu-
ally flushed the Commandant rushed to
embrace his father-leader. They met
in the subterranean dressing-room
denominated such by courtesy only.
Warm greetings all round followed,
and then the Commandant was whir-
ling about in an alarming manner for
his weak heart (which, by the way,

JOHN HENSON, Esq.



MR. E. G. FALCON, M.P.



HON. J. H. TURNER.



The Commandant was able to back
up the General's address in a prac-
tical little speech, in which he stated
the Social work was about to be
started in Victoria; that was, a
Shelter worked upon the same lines
as they heard to-night. The intima-
tion appeared to give highest satis-
faction.

Justice Crease eulogized the man
and the scheme; and the chairman
said he had never in his life listened
to a lecture with feelings of more in-
tense delight. For the last two
hours they had simply been held
spellbound. They would all go away
wiser than they came and with some-
thing worth knowing.

The General Chats with the Cabinet

They Appear Most Favorably Impressed.

Will Consider the Over-the-
Sea Colony.

We went to bed with every sign of
a stiff frost, but awoke to find 18
inches of snow covering the city and
other inches coming down. Your cor-
respondent was given a proper taste
of Canadian winterdom in a walk of
three miles, for trains were stopped,
and traffic disorganized on a whole-
sale scale. When late in the day the
city awoke, it was to music of neigh-
bors that the business was conducted.

At mid-day the General met the
members of the Cabinet in the Li-
brary of the Parliamentary buildings.
He was accompanied by the Com-
mandant, Colonel Lawley and other
officers. The hon. gentlemen prece-
eded were: Mr. Davie, Premier and
Attorney General; Mr. Poolley, Mr.
Turner, Minister of Finance and Agri-
culture; Mr. Martin, Chief Commis-
sioner of Lands and Works; Colonel
Berzer, Provincial Secretary.

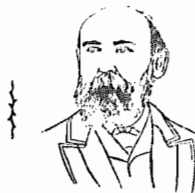
In conversational style, the Gen-
eral laid before the Government his
plans, his wants and his wishes. In
these deep and kindly interest was

has caused him a lot of trouble these
last few weeks) transacting a score of
business matters, programme arrang-
ing, and sundry advisiings with a re-
ckless persistence.

The Victoria Theatre above was
merely a filling. By the time the
chair was taken by Premier Davie,
and supported by Senators, Aldermen
and Ministers, there was no empti-
ness! At no place, perhaps, has more
universal eagerness been manifested
to see and hear and applaud the Gen-
eral than in this capital.

Mr. Davie said General Booth had
done a good work, and ranked among
the greatest benefactors of the age.
Some minutes of applause filled up
the interval between the sittings
down of the Premier and the upris-
ing of the General. "He is more fiery
than he was ten years ago," some
one remarked about the General's ad-
dress; and few but were surprised at
the way he seemed to throw off his
weariness in fervor of his pleadings
for the friendless.

F. G. VERNON, Esq.



[HON. D. W. HEDGES.



HON. THOS. DAVIE.



MR. R. P. RITTEN.

shown, the Premier specially manifesting a sympathetic attitude and a comprehensive grasp of the subject. Numerous questions invariably drew forth from the General satisfactory replies. For instance, he at once allayed any nervousness previously entertained as to the character, training and suitability of the colonists that would be transferred to the new colony; and predicted with confidence that such a settlement would supply the universal lack of the present day nations—a backbone of diligent, happy, prosperous peasantry.

"Our Farm Colony in England," said the General, "would answer to our first settlement outside, so far as circumstances agreed. We have about 100 men on the colony, who have been at work there for from twelve months to two years, and who are brave, good fellows. They have been there, too, without any intoxicants on the estate, rising at half-past five and six o'clock in the morning, and working ten hours a day under proper supervision."

A Gentleman: "You stated just now that you would consume your own produce. What benefit would this colony be to the Province. We want to produce ourselves instead of importing."

The General (gleefully): "My dear sir, we would be delighted to find a market. I was only answering another objection as to what we would do with the stuffs we grew, when I stated that we would consume it ourselves. If we can sell a portion of it, so much the better. We want people who will be delighted with the soil."

The Premier: "That's it."

Chorus: "Yes."

A member: "How do you propose to educate the children—on our present system?"

The General: "I'd teach them to earn their bread and save their souls, whatever became of their arithmetic or geology." (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

A member: "Do you want us to give you this land?"

The General: "Do you give land for emigrants?"

Reply: "Yes."

The General: "Then if you give it to them, with nobody to look after their souls or their bodies, why could you not give it to us under the conditions we offer? I am really the servant of the State."

The conference, which lasted over an hour, concluded with a shaking of hands all round, and a promise on the part of the Government to promptly consider the matter amongst themselves, and communicate with the General at an early date.

This friendly interview was but the beginning of the signs of the impetus the meeting of the night before had given to Social effort. Later in the day, the Commandant and the Mayor, and later still, the Aldermen, who appeared very anxious that the Food and Shelter should be established in their city, hinted that a portion of the old Market Hall might be ceded to the Army for this purpose, and subscribed \$150 themselves towards the undertaking. This is a splendid example of Victorian enterprise.

How to Make a Fortune.

The General Lets the Chinese Into the Secret.

The most novel as well as one of the most touching and best meetings the General has ever conducted, was in the Chinese Mission Hall, between the afternoon and evening engagements. The Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who



The New Victoria Public Market.

The city authorities propose to grant the Army space at the left hand side of the structure for a Food and Shelter. Well done, Victoria!

has long and earnestly labored for the souls of these wonderful people, who form so large a portion of the population of the city, delightfully hailed the General's visit, though this was not decided upon till a few hours before it was made. The centre aisle of the large room was quickly crowded, a row of women slingers occupying the front seat. In the second were a couple of babies in arms, bright, doll-like little darlings with pink cheeks and almond eyes. John and his pigtail was largely in the majority. Salvationists and their brass band occupied side seats.

are outside; it is what we are inside.

"There are two or three questions which concern us all alike. First, we want to be happy; secondly, we want to make a fortune; thirdly, we want to get our friends well off. When a man accomplishes this, he is tolerably right. How can this be brought about; and brought about to last for ever? First, you must get right with God; secondly, you cannot be happy till you are good—no cheating one another, no telling lies, no doing wrong; thirdly, you must live to do good."



MR. THOMAS EARLE, M.P.



HON. C. H. FOYLEY.



THE LATE HON. ROSS DUNDERBERG.

The General's prayer was translated by Mr. Gardiner: "O God, our Heavenly Father, Thou art the Father of us all. Thou dost love us all. Thou hast made us all, and Thou dost want us all to be happy and to live good lives on earth, and then come and live with Thee in Heaven. Let Thy Good Spirit come into all our hearts, and help us to love and serve Thee."

Then, in a beautiful and brief address, the General told them: "I wish I could speak your language. I have always felt a great interest in your country and your countrymen, and the Salvation Army is going there very soon. (Elaborations of approval.) We shall see thousands and hundreds of thousands of your countrymen moved. We have thousands in India who were miserable people, but are now happy people, because they have found the true God, and got the salvation of their souls."

"I'd like to stop and talk to you all night. We are all made very much alike. Our faces differ, our education differs, our habits differ, we happen to be born in different countries. You wear your hair one way, and I wear my hair another way, and some of us (pointing to his chin)

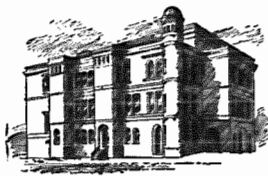
Don't Wear any Hair at all.

(Laughter.) But that does not make any difference to our hearts. I have got more hair on my chin than you have, but that does not make me any better than you. It is not what we

A delightful, simple enforcement of these points was made by the General as he leaned over the reading stand, and smiled at the all-attentive, stolid faces who watched him so keenly. Then Col. Lawley and Major Malan sang of the "Palace and Crown," for which their names had been put down, the General remarking, "You will never

Get a Palace in Pekin,

but you can have one in the New



VICTORIA LAW COURTS.

Honorable Justice Ormsby Milledent the General.

Jerusalem. In a fatherly way he patted Mr. Gardiner on the back, thanked him for his service, and asked God to bless him; and the Commandant's translated prayer was that many of these dear people might find the salvation of which they had to-night heard. The women shyly, and the men almost reverently, put their hands in that of the General, who jovially declined to shake hands with any but Chinese on this particular occasion.

Two other public engagements came off, notwithstanding the almost impassable condition of the streets, the whole city having the appearance of the colored Xmas scenes in books with which we are familiar. The toll of the fire bell at dusk, and the outcoming of the engine on runners was a part of the picture.

The Metropolitan Methodist church was lent for both gatherings. Fire neckers rewarded the efforts of the afternoon. At night a large congregation, under the presidency of the pastor, Rev. S. Cleaver, were inspired with the Army's story, a direct application of which was made by the

General to the hearts of all present. "I have been amongst you with much satisfaction," he remarked, adding words of commendation on the peace and courage displayed by bandmen and soldiers in facing the biting weather on the previous night, to show their affection for him.

The Sleigh and the Social.

Seventy-four miles north of Victoria there is a little town of 3,000, with mines of "black diamonds," and an Indian name—Mandimo. We saw little of the favorite color—black—for two feet of snow covered all things. Instead of wheeled equipage, the depot was lined with sleighs, one-horned, and two-horned, cosy, smooth-running concerns of enticing tendency. Seated in one of these, the General, after receiving the cheers of spectators, was "glided" off, and then back again for an afternoon spiritual meeting in the Barracks. The surprise was that so many managed to wade through the slippery, sloppy streets. Ex-Mayor Haslam, M.P., introduced the General to a large audience in the Presbyterian church at night, in which building a very useful Social meeting was held.

Vancouver In the Van.

The extraordinary interest which has sprung up in British Columbia in the General's visit, and especially in that part of it which relates to his Social Scheme, is bearing fruit as we write. Both at Victoria and Vancouver, the Commandant has seized the opportunity by the horns, and with Ensign McMillan, and Adjutant Archibald, the District Officer, is having a 24-hour working day of it.

To-day (Tuesday) he returned from Vancouver, where, last night he laid before the City Council a full description of our Shelters, their cost, and their methods. It was then moved by Ald. C. L. Brown, and seconded by Ald. McCrancey, that after hearing the explanations from the Commander of the Salvation Army in regard to a grant for the establishment of a Food and Shelter Home in this City, he it resolved that the incoming Council be asked to place a



PANDORA AVENUE METHODIST CHURCH, VICTORIA (FRONT VIEW).

Some of the General's lecture on the "How and Progress of the Salvation Army."

sum on the estimates for the laboratory scheme.

The Match that Lit the Torch of action was applied by a great social meeting held in the city on Saturday night.

The General left Vancouver at



Sooke Lake, Vancouver Island.

steamer early Saturday morning. The crossing to the mainland was on a par with the English Channel for bite-stirring properties. At the wharf were assembled hundreds of spectators, who were as indifferent to the thick plush-carpet underfoot as the Salvationists themselves. In the absence of the Mayor, the senior Alderman, Mr. Brown, conveyed the City's greetings to the General, and accompanied him to a hall, which soon filled, and where six addresses of welcome were read, that from the W. C. T. U., by the Lady President, Mrs. Brown.

"I hope to see all who love the Lord Jesus Christ joined together in this great crusade to which we have been called," said the General, in his reply. "You will all say 'Amen' to that, or something akin to it. I hope the time is coming when you will all say 'Amen' and 'Hallelujah.' (Cheers.)"

At night in the commodious Opera House, the General thoroughly stirred the hearts and practically aroused the sympathies of a splendid audience as he handled the pressing Social puzzles of the age, pinning the meeting down to the answering of the straight question,

"What are You going to Do?"

After words of kindest commendation from Rev. L. Norman Tucker and Professor Odlum, Rev. Mr. Polley (Congregationalist) essayed to reply for the company present. The horrible condition of the submerged, pictured by the General, was not confined to London, New York, or Chicago. It there was one city to-day where there should be no slummers, it was the city of Vancouver; yet here they had the poor, the hungry, the destitute and the worthless. The speaker wanted to give General Booth an answer to his question by proposing a resolution, to which he asked the assent of the meeting.

"Having listened to the scheme which has been outlined by General Booth for the Social elevation of the poor, this meeting expresses its conviction that the necessity for the establishment in the city of Vancouver, of a Food and Shelter, and pledges itself to support any movement tending to the establishment of such an institution in our midst, not only by our sympathies, but by practical financial help."

Rev. Coverdale Watson gladly seconded, and motion was put by the Rev. McLaron (chairman) and carried. In expressing his satisfaction and the hope that the proposed Shelter would be a great success. The friendly attitude of the Council certainly points in this direction.

Let no one dream that the General, gratifying as show his efforts of his social labors are to him, ever ceases for a moment to make the saving of souls the Alpha and Omega of his visit to each centre. Sunday was devoted to the glorious business, the Opera House being taken for the day.

"If half a dozen Doctors of Divinity have given you a certificate that you are hopeless, God and the Salvation Army can save you!" the General hopefully assured his wondering hearers, half a dozen of whom were encouraged to test the Almightyness of God to save to the uttermost.

The afternoon was a magnificently filled meeting; that at night probably the largest gathering Vancouver has ever furnished. Hundreds could not press their way in, for the walls were lined with standing folks. The big men of the town and their ladies were content to secure a way up. In the region of the "gods." Into this miscellaneous assemblage of religionists and non-religionists, the General poured the Holy Ghost lava from his volcanic heart.

"I feel just as much responsibility," he cried, "as though this were the only chance you were ever to have of saving your souls, and as if my lips were chosen to convey the message. Some of you heard this Salvation girls far, far away from Vancouver, but it is none the worse for that. There, that has hit you, I know it has!"

But the victory was not yet won. All the availing force of prayer and faith had to be called up to the front before night resulted. The volunteering of a man and a woman evoked a ringing Hallelujah! A sharp fight



City Hall, Victoria.

Scene of the civic reception to the General, and presentation of ten addresses of welcome.

with the backslider and indifferent secured four others.

A Royal Reception to the Royal City A FINE FIRST FUNCTION.

Penitential Tears.

A few miles only from Vancouver is the little town that joys in the above title. It's more prosaic name is New Westminster. An electric tram runs between the two, probably the most extraordinary tram line in the world, for it cuts clean through dense backwoods which look a fitting home only for the grizzly bear and his kith and kin. Magnificent forest giants lie where they fell, rotting in very abundance of timber.

There were few signs of life on the snowy streets as our advance guard detrained, but in the course of an hour, a good proportion of the inhabitants were on the quiver for the General's coming, in the forefront being Mr. Mayor, but three hours elected to the office. We take it as a happy omen to his first public function should have been to introduce the great Social Reformer, who is just now stirring the territory. This Mr. Stiles did at the Opera House the plainest and most primitive of structures, but well peopled on Tuesday afternoon.

There were several addresses read, including one from the medical fraternity of the town, and another signed by 100 merchants, all breathing the most friendly sentiments.

The General has never had a more closely attentive audience than the one which filled the Opera House after tea, and listened to him for an hour and three-quarters without a sign of flagging interest. Our own comrades, some of them, had come in from the mountains, distances of thirty miles or so. Indeed, it seemed as if all who could possibly turn out on such a night had come together. Principal Whittington capably presided.

The land question is one which touches New Westminster in a sore place, evidently. They are feeling the smart of the land grabber. So

"The Land for the People"

was enthusiastically applauded, and readily taken to be the solution for the crying ills so eloquently voiced by the General.

A cold, sleepy morning was that of Tuesday, and his Staff were congratulating the General and themselves that the programme contained no public engagement between getting-up time and the time of depart-

ure at 2 p. m. Eleven o'clock had not passed, however, before a messenger came with the news that the General had needed to a request to speak to the prisoners at the Penitentiary. Thither we hurried and were glad of it afterwards.

There are 102 men inmates of this establishment, serving sentences ranging from two years to life periods. Seventy or eighty of these assembled in the little white-washed meeting-room, well fed and well clothed, we should say, but crime-marked, many of them, in an unmistakable manner. Two or three colored men, and half a dozen Chinese, were among the prisoners.

To this end-eyed audience Colonel Lawley sang sweetly of the One Who had "Saved a poor sinner like me," with words of assurance for all who would come to Him for the same purpose.

With words of wisdom and tenderness, the General opened further the door of hope, a hope which included the present life, but also stretched away into eternity, pressing for an immediate decision, that whether those prison gates might ever enclose for them or not, they would secure the glorious freedom of God's Salvation, with its accompaniments of joy, peace, and usefulness, even in their dungeons. Tears followed, blessed tears, from, perhaps, long dried-up fountains, telling of chords touched and vibrating, and which, as we joined in the General's beautiful prayer, faith claimed, should know no ceasing till they merged into the full-toned note "Saved."

TO ALL ATTENDING

THE GENERAL'S MEETINGS

IN TORONTO.

Reduced rate tickets can be had, single fare, for the return journey, from all points on the C.P.R. and G.T.R.

Officers must be careful to get a Certificate when purchasing their ticket, otherwise they will not be able to get the cheap rate.

Western Warblings.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

Your humble servant is shut up in the house at present, so that all he can do is to pray for all hands, which he does.

Brother K. of N. knows how to rejoice in time of tribulation. This is what his commanding officer writes about him: "Some parties stole 300 dollars' worth of wheat out of his granary, but Brother K. is dancing happy over it. The same officer writes regarding the meetings at his corps: 'This week we had two more 'kickers,' and some others are in as good pie.' The 'kickers' are known up this way as those who have deserted the flag."

Right glad we were to see dear old Staff Captain Jewer. But where has all his flesh gone? Fresh? No flesh, at or thin, he is the same happy, lively, so-called, Salvationist. It does one good to rub up against such desperadoes. Then we were none the less pleased to see "Johnny" Esquimaux McMillan. Oh that we could have gone through to the Coast with the Commandant and his staff. Mrs. Read was delighted at the chance of going. And oh, what a heap of provisions the different F. O's carried on the train at the towns where the S. A. is located. The railway conductor was so tickled over it.

We had a happy little time at Portage at the wedding of Brother Swain and Sister Collier. The Town Hall was comfortably filled with an interested crowd of people, and the "I wills" were distinctly and earnestly spoken. It was a happy affair indeed. Then the banquet was a top-per. Portage is looking up, and would amuse readers to see little Ernest Elliott do a war dance. God bless the Portage braves!

Yes, Major Halpin, of the States, was not a complete stranger to me. Over ten years ago, when in training at Clapton, I remember he was stationed as Captain at Wandsworth, London. Those were tough times. Though years have rolled away since that time, I am glad to shake his hand at the Winnipeg depot on the occasion of his passing through to his home at Philadelphia.

Now a few para showing the interest in the dear General's visit. I gather them from different letters received.

"I shall be very glad to attend General Booth's meeting here." — Thus writes the Hon. Haultain, of Regina. "I shall be pleased to preside at the General's meeting, and also to have him as my honored guest. This is from the pen of Lieut.-Governor Macintosh, of Regina.

I shall be pleased to entertain General Booth and his staff.—Hon. Clifford Sifton, Brandon.

The Hon. Robert Watson, Minister of Public Works, Manitoba, writes: "I will assist in every way I can to make the General's visit pleasant. I am satisfied that the more the public know of his good work the more will we appreciate it. Working the Army a pleasant and profitable New Year."

The Hon. Mr. Davie, Premier of British Columbia, said he would have much pleasure in taking the chair at the General's Social meeting.

"I shall be pleased to take part in the General's Winnipeg meetings, were it only to express my appreciation of the great work and remarkable achievements of your leader—General Booth—but official business will render it necessary for me to be absent in the East."—The Hon. Clifford Sifton.

"Hoping that the General's visit to Winnipeg will be successful and pleasant."—The Hon. T. Greenway, Premier Manitoba.

And soon, I presume, it will be "Farewell, North-West, a long farewell!"

Send for Free Price List, 1935, to the
TRADE SECRETARY, Toronto.

The Sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army!

THE ENERGETIC

SECOND CANADIAN CAMPAIGN

THE COMMANDANT,

Colonel Lawley (the General's A.D.C.), Major Malan, Staff-Captain Jewer, Ensign McMillan, and Captain Taylor (British "War Cry" Representative), are Campaigning as follows:

BERLIN, - - -	Thursday, January 24th (Afternoon)
GUELPE, - - -	Thursday, " 24th (Night)
PALMERSTON - -	Friday, " 25th (Afternoon)
LISTOWELL - - -	Friday, " 25th (Night)
STRATFORD, - -	Saturday, " 26th (Afternoon)
LONDON, - - -	Sun. & Mon., " 27th & 28th
ST. THOMAS, - -	Tuesday, " 29th
WINDSOR, - - -	Wednesday, " 30th

CHATHAM, - - -	Thursday, January 31st	
INGERSOLL, - - -	Friday, February, 1st	(Afternoon)
WOODSTOCK, - - -	Friday, " 1st	(Night)
HAMILTON, Sat. (Night), Sun. & Mon., "	2nd, 3rd & 4th	
GALT, - - -	Tuesday, " 5th	(Afternoon)
BRANTFORD, - - -	Tuesday, " 5th	(Night)
TORONTO, Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., February	7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th.	

TUNE—Lord, how ad.

1 Barren, all my heart I yield Thee,
Thine for ever now I'll be;
Thine for ever now I'll be,
Thine for ever now I'll be,
Thine for ever now I'll be,

CHORUS

Thine I'll live, and Thine I'll die,
Thine I'll dwell with Thee on high;
Up in heaven among the free
I shall spend eternity.

Thine to follow where Thou leadest,
Thine a warrior brave I'll be;
Thine my time, and Thine my talents,
Thine for all eternity.

Thine to help to raise the fallen,
Thine to set the captive free;
Thine to tell of Thy salvation,
Thine for all eternity.

Thine, dear Saviour, Thine entirely,
From the world, oh, keep me free;
Help me show to those around me,
I am Thine eternally.

"It is human nature to sing and to
play when our feelings are of the very
deepest."

TUNE—Hallelujah, I love Thee, my Saviour!

2 Linger at the Cross of Jesus, thy Saviour,
Now thy sin forsake, and on His blood favor;
From sin a dreadful doom that is for ever,
Turn to Christ, He'll take you in.

CHORUS

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
He waits to receive thee;
From thy burden, from thy burden,
His grace will set thee free.

Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Lest the Spirit should leave thee
To grope in the darkness till death seals thy doom.

Though thy sin be great, and deep-dyed as crimson,
Jesus now can make thee whiter than snow;
Now the blood of the Lamb will cleanse thee,
Plunge within the sin-cleansing flow.

Millions in the blood have washed their robes spot-
less;
Millions have reached that bright, happy
shore.

In the cleansing fountain still there is virtue,
Fountain flows for millions more.

Mrs. PAUL, Woodstock.

"With Gospel arrows winged with song
we have penetrated the inaccessible, scaled
the slippery walls of icy unbelief, or repel-
lant pride, performing the impossible."

TUNE—Bright crown. (B.J., 50.)

3 On Thee alone, dear Lord, we trust,
No other help would do;
They are indeed too weak and vain,
Thy grace can bring us through.

CHORUS (Repeat last line.)

We're right, we're right,
The wrong is now put right;
No more we sigh, for Thou art nigh,
The wrong is now put right.

I once was lost by Satan's chains,
And conquered by his spell;
But Jesus in His mercy came,
And rescued me from hell.

I'll witness to all mankind,
That other souls may hear;
Who seek the Lord shall surely find,
He saves from sin and fear.

SOLDIER H. STAN, New Westminster.

"In no case is the music of the Army
allowed any place as a means of display."
STAFF-CAPTAIN SLATER.

TUNE—We're marching to Zion.

4 A soldier I will be,
A soldier brave and true;
I'll stand for Thee wherever I be;
I'll stand for Thee wherever I be;
Beneath the Army flag,
The yellow, red, and blue.

CHORUS

I'll be, Lord, I'll be, Lord,
A Salvation soldier I'll be, Lord. } Repeat

The gunnery and the esp.,
And tunc I will war;
And let my life be lived for Thee;
And let my life be lived for Thee;
Until I leave this world, and dwell
With Thee up there.

CHORUS

I'll wear, Lord, I'll wear, Lord,
A Salvation banner I'll wear, Lord. } Repeat

The bonnet and the dress,
With cheerfulness I'll wear;
I will not fail to speak Thy name;
I will not fail to speak Thy name;
Both in the hall and home,
Or in the open air.

CHORUS

I'll wear, Lord, I'll wear, Lord,
A Salvation banner I'll wear, Lord. } Repeat

To spread salvation news,
The War Cry I will sing;
I'll salute and adore Thee;
I'll salute and adore Thee;
I'll salute and adore Thee;
I'll salute and adore Thee.

CHORUS

I'll sell, Lord, I'll sell, Lord,
The War Cry I will sing, Lord. } Repeat

LEUTENANT H. LESTON,
Workmen's Hotel, London.

"The deepest joy and the deepest sorrow
of the human heart both seek their utter-
ance in a song."

TUNE—Oh, the voice! (B.J., 65.)

5 When my poor heart was black with sin,
To Jesus I did go;
And He did freely take me in,
And washed it white as snow.

CHORUS

Oh, the blood, to me so dear,
Having now from guilt and fear;
I'm coming now from guilt and fear,
I'm coming now from guilt and fear.

And when the path I tread is dark
He leads me all the way;
He shows me from every storm,
And keeps me day by day.

Gloria, this loving Saviour waits,
Oh, come to Him to-day;
His blood can wash your black heart white,
He'll take you day by day.

SEMPERARY MAX LANG, Peterboro.

"The song of the Lamb is the anthem
of the skies."

TUNE—There's all gone.

6 I oft recall the dreadful days of misery and
wrong,
When in my heart the devil reigned, and passion
fierce and strong;
A life of slavery I lived, enthralled by Satan's chains;
But Jesus knocked the shackles off, and set me free.

ORIGINAL CHORUS

They're all gone—gone away from me,
All gone, right into the sea;
My sins brought constant fear upon me of the Judge-
ment day,
But now the blood has cleansed me, and they're all
gone.

The Army when it came along, was not the thing for
me;
I thought myself above them, though as bad as had
can be;
But when the Holy Spirit strove, convincing me of
sin,
My peevishness drew away as Jesus entered in.

My comrades here on every hand can testify the same,
For they, like me, have been set free from fear, and
sin and shame;
Their lives are hard, their trials keen, and many a
cross have they;
But the load of guilt is gone for good, and they're
happy all the day.

"Everybody allows that one of the main
sources of our success has been the existing
into the cause of the Kingdom the constant
assistance of lively music, and by the
adaptation of popular airs to holy words."

TUNE—British Land so bright and fair (B.J., 109);
on, the grace of God. (B.J., 62.)

7 I have a house so wondrous fair,
That I wish Jesus Christ I'll share;
I have a house so wondrous fair,
That I wish Jesus Christ I'll share;
And God's own presence makes it light.

CHORUS

My heavenly home, my heavenly home,
Where God now sorrow ever come;
There all is peace and love, all is light;
There God's own presence makes it light.

That home is free from toil and care,
No pain nor sorrow enter there;
To them of peace and love, all is light;
That home is free from toil and care.

The alien is set free with purest gold,
In gates of pearl, which wide unfold,
An open gate for each one,
And I my Saviour soon will see.

SECRETARY JENNIE ANDERSON,
Newcastle, N.B.

"Music is a manner of expression to
which the human heart has instinctive
response when it is under any very deep
feeling."

TUNE—Conference. (B.J., 72.)

8 Come, sinner, turn to Jesus now,
He waits to pardon all;
He'll give you grace, He'll give you power,
To follow as He calls.

CHORUS

There is no other argument,
There is no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for thee.

Your moral ways, your heart held,
Your aim, your goal, your end,
Will never help you find relief,
You must obey the call.

Though vile a sinner you may be,
And sin rise mountains tall,
Just now there's a pardon full and free,
For Jesus died for all.

LIEUTENANT G. SMITH, Winnipeg.

"Many a dart of conviction, carried
by a simple chorus, has been testified to its
lodgment in an unknown breast. Recalls
are shall never know until the Judgment."

TUNE—I am clinging to the Cross. (B.J., 10.)

9 Oh, wandering one, so far away,
From God Who loves you best;
Would better come without delay,
And find in Him your rest.

CHORUS

You are drifting down to hell,
You are drifting down to hell;
With the lost ones there to dwell,
You are drifting down to hell.

How will you do when death's cold steel,
Shall o'erspread you about,
And you are forced to pass away
In darkness, fear and doubt?

Ah, then will be the testing time,
When you are called to stand
Before the great, white throne of God,
And bow at His command.

Beware lest then too oft should spare
His love so full and free,
Then may denounce to your soul
Through all eternity.

MARY MORRIS, Vernon, B.C.

"Oh, what thousands have been
carried by the instrumentality of Salvation
Army songs! The freedom, the life, the
direction, the actual living expression in
the spiritual appeals."

TUNE—Oh, the future life before me, or, Not yet
(B.J., 18.)

10 Yes, I often all so wondrously,
As the days pass swiftly by,
Of the precious souls in darkness,
Quickly hastening on to die.

Alas, no, careless, careless, careless,
Drifting with the tide of sin,
No to endless we and misery,
Knowing not when life shall end.

CHORUS

Oh, the heedless, turning million,
Drifting down to dark doom;
Fare you hence, O Lord, with passion,
Help us feel their end is near!

Some their blessed God give chance,
For deliverance with the Lord;
And the voice of God so loving,
To their hearts will speak no word.

Shall they who will not answer,
To God's love unresponsive go,
For ever live with sin and sin,
In hell's regions dark and low?

Shall we share our God have used us,
From a life of sin and sin,
Set at naught, and with the sinners,
Down to endless torment go?

No, my Lord, we'll rise, we'll rise,
And with the saints and the just;
Tell them of Thy power to save them,
Tell them of Thy love to save them.

DOUGLAS HART, Peterboro.